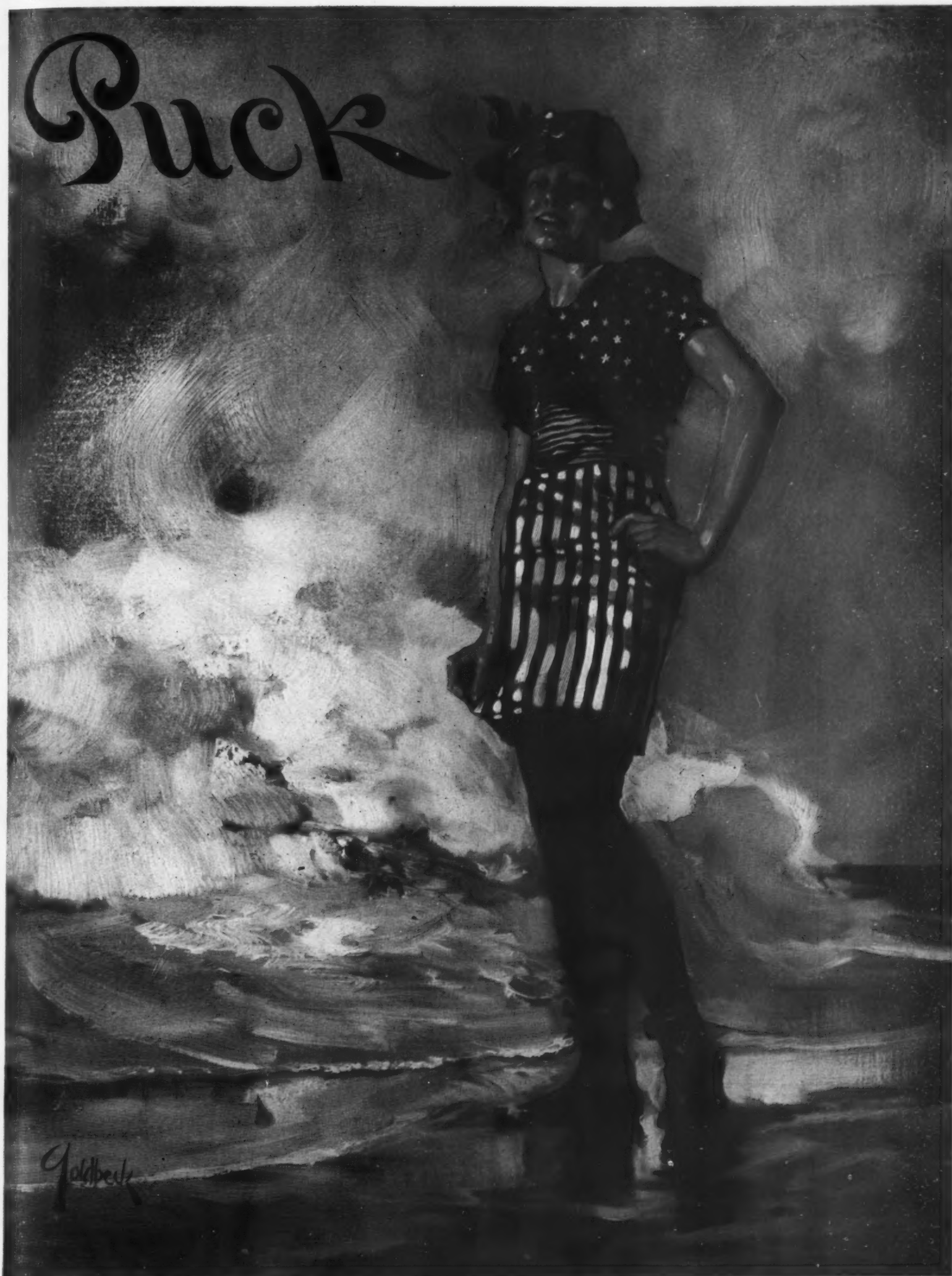


WEEK ENDING JULY 4, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS



FOLLOW THE FLAG

PAINTED BY W. D. GOLDBECK



WHERE HAVE THEY HIDDEN THOSE GREAT EYES?

By Richard Le Gallienne

All old fair things are in their places,
 I count them over, and miss but one;
 The madcap flowers are running races,
 The green world stretches its arms to the sun;
 The nuptial dance of the days is begun—
 The same young stars in the same old skies;
 And all that was lost again is won—
 But where have they hidden those great eyes?

All have come back—dogwood and daisies—
 All things ripple and riot and run;
 Swallow and swallow in airy mazes,
 A fairy frolic of fire and fun;
 The same old enchanted web is spun,
 With diamond dew for the same old flies;
 Yet all is new, spite of Solomon—
 But where have they hidden those great eyes?

Lovely as love are the new-born faces—
 God knows they are fair to look upon;
 And my heart goes out to the young embraces,
 To the flight of the young to the young;
 But, Time, what is it that thou hast done?
 For my heart 'mid all the blossom cries:
 "Roses are many, the Rose is gone—
 Ah! where have they hidden those great eyes?"

ENVOI

Prince, I bring you my Summer praises,
 But O! on my heart a shadow lies;
 For a face I see not all my gaze is—
 Ah! where have they hidden those great eyes?

PAINTING BY W. H. BARRIBAL
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Published by
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
301 Lafayette Street, New York
NATHAN STRAUSS, Jr., President
H. GRANT LUTHELMAN, Sec. and Treas.

Editor, HY MAYER
General Manager, FOSTER GURROV
Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL

Puck

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!

REGULAR readers of PUCK who plan to be away during the summer months are urged to fill in the three-months' subscription coupon on this page. This will insure the regular arrival of PUCK. Your address will be changed as often as desired.

Puck's \$100 Prize

Be sure to get next week's PUCK. If vacation wanderings are to take you away from your favorite haunts, see that the publishers have instructions to mail PUCK to you wherever you may be—for next week's issue carries the announcement of the first winning contribution in our \$100 prize competition for the best story, poem, monologue, dialogue, or playlet received each week. The announcement of this competition has attracted contributions from some of America's best humorists. This is stated not to discourage the beginner—because many a dark horse has romped under the wire a winner in the literary sweepstakes—but to insure our readers a feast of fun and frolic that will add ginger to their summer reading. Remember—next week the first successful contributor is announced!

New- port Extra

If the reasons set forth in the foregoing paragraph are insufficient to whet your anticipation, it may interest you to take a peek with Puck into next week's Special Newport Number. So much has come in for this issue since we first mentioned the matter that it looms larger than we anticipated in our summer plans. Hy Mayer has done a cover that will run like wildfire through the Newport colony—forceful, telling, and rich in color. Lawson Wood has a color page that strikes a vein of humor oddly applicable to Bailey's Beach, and Goldbeck's "Spirit of Newport" is a gem in a rich golden setting. The centre page cartoon is by Raymond Ewer, who has already had his introduction to PUCK readers. Percival Wilde, one of the leading playwrights of the day, contributes "Catesby: an Idyll." All in all, an issue that *your* friends and *their* friends will all be talking about in another seven days.

Pickings From Puck

We have just issued the enlarged summer number of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, and a big, fat bundle of good humor it makes. Readers who have followed PICKINGS during its interesting career will find in the number now on the news-stands a publication wonderfully improved in every respect. The inclusion of the more notable color pages from PUCK itself and a betterment throughout in quality of paper and printing gives it a character far in advance of former issues of this popular quarterly. If you want sixty-four pages of fun, many of them in color, you will find PICKINGS at your newsdealer's, at twenty-five cents a copy. If your news-stand cannot supply you, send a quarter direct to the publishers—but *get it!*

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The Stay-at- Home

until its appearance, unless you were morally certain that cherubic PUCK would follow you into the holiday wilds. There are some other special numbers of PUCK in the making—scheduled for early fall publication—that will cause the jaded periodical reader to sit bolt upright and rub his eyes. "What are you going to do with PUCK?" will from now on receive its answer in the shape of some mightily entertaining numbers.

The Golf Idiot

Golf Idiot's weekly discussion of the fine points of the royal and ancient game. The

If your wife has gone to the country—or if you're the wife who has left hubby at home to feed the canary—put in an order now for PUCK's "Stay-at-Home Number," scheduled to arrive at all good news-stands on August 4. If you knew all the fun the editors have corralled for this issue, you'd postpone your vacation

Idiot's whimsicalities are interspersed with much sound advice, given in clean-cut, easily understood terms by a golfer whose reputation is world-wide. If you chase the elusive pill yourself and have thus far neglected to follow the Idiot, you have denied yourself one of PUCK's real treats. In connection with Mr. Vaile's Golf Idiot, it may not be amiss at this time to identify him as the author of the celebrated "Wake-up England" slogan, of which the New York Tribune, in commenting on Britain's polo victory, says editorially:

"The serious American way of taking a game will hardly be worshiped as devoutly as it has been of late by the 'Wake-up England' sportsmen. England seems rather fully aroused, even her home critics must concede."

See how seriously The Idiot takes his golf! Still quoting the Tribune, but of a subsequent date, we find:

"That severe theorist, Mr. P. A. Vaile, may rail at the Vardon writings upon the game of golf, but there is no railing at the Vardon swing in action. By winning at Prestwick yesterday Harry Vardon established himself a shade above any of his golfing contemporaries, and, indeed, a shade above any other golfer who ever lived."

With the golf pot merrily boiling, experts at odds, and American favorites fast losing their laurels, we may all well keep our eyes on the genial Idiot's comment.

On the Dotted Line

PUCK, little elf, is easily wooed with a crisp dollar bill, where one wishes to guard against the contingency of a forlorn week due to the more-than-probable depletion of the newsdealer's supply. If you have been in the habit of picking up a precarious PUCK willy-nilly—buying it one week and then missing the very number that every other man you meet is laughing over—why don't you pin a dollar bill to the triangle below, and await developments? It's akin to putting money in a bank that pays a weekly dividend in laughter, and no enemy of Messrs. Grouch, Gloom & Despair has done more to turn the corner of folks' mouths upward than busy little Puck. Try it—just for fun!

Puck

301 Lafayette St.
New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



Unlimited talk in the Senate is plutocracy's last stronghold, says Secretary Bryan. Conversation is conservation, as it were.

The mine-booming Senators, who were careless in the use of Senate stationery, placed the blame on "their office clerks" as a matter of course. It is an old practice at Washington. A man named Loeb was once a celebrated "goat."

Shakespeare might have made a lot better play of Macbeth had he known of the militants. Compared with the "furies," William's "weird sisters" with their "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" were nice respectable occupants of an old ladies' home.

"The quietude of genuine power," an expression coined recently by the President, is the placid calm which comes over a man when he gets the fourth ace in the draw.

"The principles of the Republican party are the same that Theodore Roosevelt subscribed to when he was Vice-President and President."

—A Back-Sliding Bull Moose.

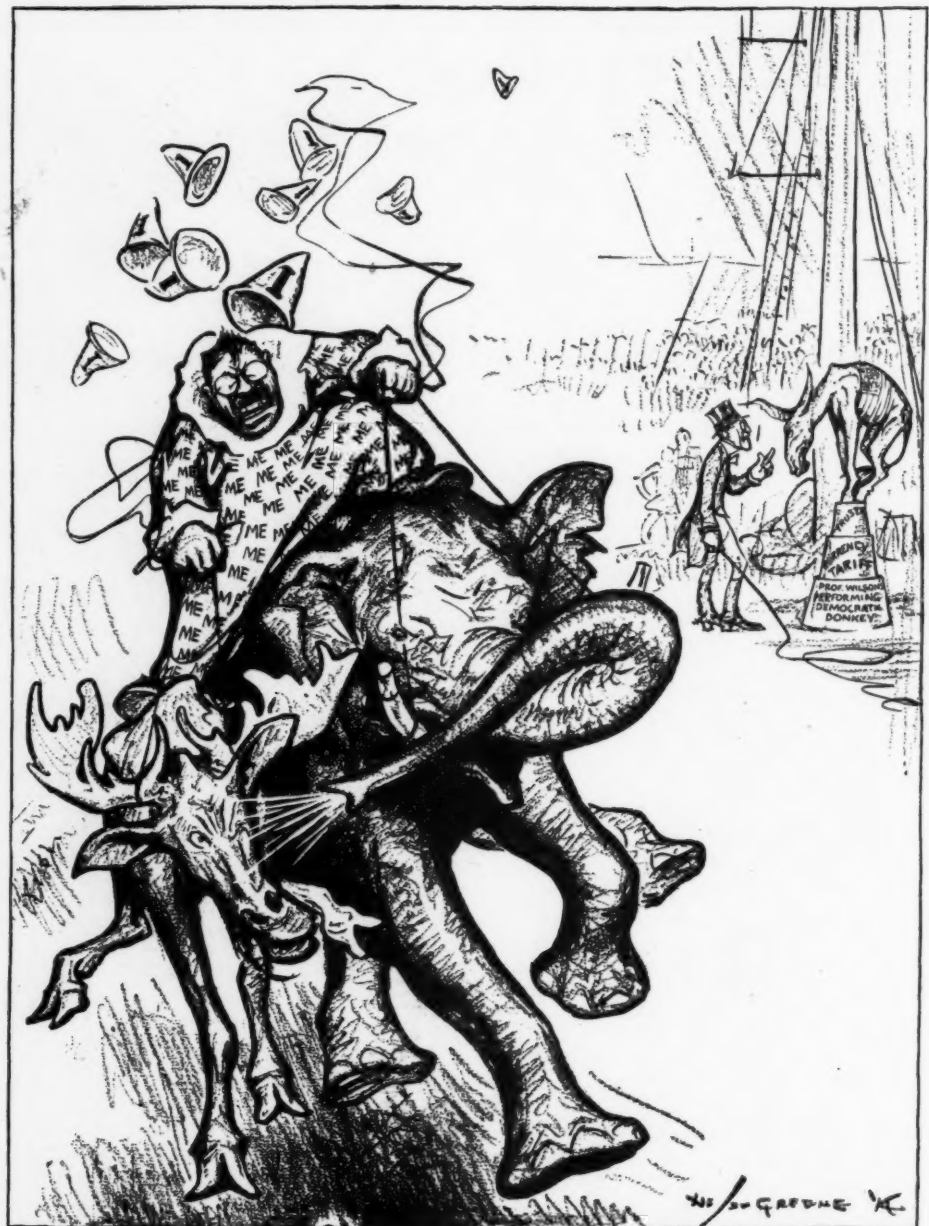
And the same which numerous trusts subscribed to—whenever the hat went 'round.

Judge Alton B. Parker says that T. R. "planned treason" when he had it in his mind to take over the coal mines in the name of the Government in 1902. This is enough to make the Judge a life member of the Ananias Club without further payment of dues.



QUEERING THE GAME

"Hey! Don't you know better than to grow like that when we're trying to put Wilson in a hole?"



Drawn by NELSON GREENE

STUPENDOUS! EXTRAORDINARY!! BULLY!!!

That premier of political acrobats, T. R. Slivers, will now attempt his tremendous feat of riding two—count them—two animals around the ring at one and the same time

According to Dr. Anna Shaw, who has positive opinions, "a funeral should be as sacred and private as a birth." A political funeral should, at any rate.

In the greed of the players, Ban Johnson sees the death of big league baseball. "It is an awful thing," he sobs, "for a player to boast that he is in the game merely for what he can get out of it." The players should take pattern after the magnates who are in the game solely from unselfish love of sport.

Word from Kansas says that the corn is doing fine and prospects for a bumper crop were never better. Sh-h-h-h-h! Don't talk like that. You might do something to restore confidence.

The town of Little Neck wants its name changed; strangers are apt to think it inferior to the neighboring town of Great Neck. Why not look to modern slang for a solution and rechristen it Great Little Neck.

There is one good feature about the Lorimer bank smash. It settles for keeps the question: Will Lorimer go back to the United States Senate?

There is a movement on foot to "read out" George W. Perkins from the Progressive Party. Perkins should encourage the idea as it is a good omen. Think how many times Brother Bryan has been "read out" of the Democratic Party! And those who read him out—where are they?



"What
Fools
these
Mortals
Be!"

VOL. LXXV. No. 1948. WEEK ENDING JULY 4, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest

THE NEW PATRIOTISM OF SERVICE

No speech by President Wilson better deserves a permanent place in the American mind and conscience than his address on "the historical significance of the flag." It was so different from the average "flag" speech. There was no bombast, no boasting, no spreadeagleism, no cheap jingo slush of the sort ladled out by the Champ Clark school of oratory. Nobody was "defied." No fists were shaken. It was not even intimated that the United States, if put to it, could "whip the world." In place of these were sentiments new to flag-speech auditors, sentiments of justice, of forbearance, of high-mindedness, of unselfish service.



Over the heads of his hearers? Possibly; but somebody has to make a start. The fact that a certain thoughtless element of the population enjoys the bang-bang type of patriotic oratory, in which every other sentence is a boast or a defi, is no reason why the saner patriotism should not be preached. It may take half a century to make any real progress against the old "whip-his-weight-in-wild-cats" idea, but it will be steady progress, if slow. It will be accelerated somewhat by a gradual awakening to the forces which underlie Jingoism and Militarism, and that awakening has begun.

Back of Jingoism and Militarism are interests which would use this nation — or any nation — as a cat's-paw. To such interests the voice of the average "patriotic" speaker, with his mingling of eagle wings and gunpowder, is sweet music, the same or as good as a hired band. Anyone who threatens or even attempts to make such music unpopular with the masses runs the risk of being called a coward and a

weaking. Already persons with large axes to grind are saying that President Wilson "humiliates" his country and "drags its honor in the dust."

"Fancy him asking me to sing for nothing!" cried Mme. Louise Tetrassini apropos of some insignificant male person. Tetrassini, we suspect, has the true artistic temperament.

A man out in Chicago is naming his children in alphabetical order and he has got as far as Helen. It is a good thing for his wife's leisure time that there are but twenty-six letters in the English alphabet. In the Chinese alphabet there are 214 letters, which would be going some.

The Secretary of Agriculture asks the question: "What is wine?" The Secretary evidently has been to one of those sixty-five cent table d'hotes.



PUSH BALL

The Powers versus Militarism

DRAWN BY JOSEPH KEPPLER



AT A WOMEN'S CLUB

MEMBER (interrupting story): Sh-h-h-h! Not so loud! There's a gentleman present!

HE FORGOT HOW TO PLAY

There was once a man who was so busy making money that he had no time to play.

"When I have accumulated a vast fortune," he said to his wife, "I will have time to do all the things I have wanted to do. But until then you must be patient. You must not expect me to play with you now."

And he worked on and on.

His wife went to him day after day, begging him, before his youth was gone, to forget business and play with her.

"I cannot," he answered crossly. "I am too busy. Some day I will play with you; but not now."



THE WHITE SLAVE

And he worked on and on. His wife waited for him; but her heart sank as she watched him labor. Seldom did she even hear his voice, save when it was lifted in anger.

And the years increased. The man was growing richer and richer.

One day his wife said to him: "Is it not time now?"

And to her surprise he answered: "Yes, it is time. Come, let us play."

They were not old. They went out into the world. But the man could not play.

"Show me how," he commanded his wife. "I have forgotten."

His wife tried; but she, too, had forgotten how to play.

"Alas!" she cried, "you have waited too long; and I, in waiting for you, have forgotten the joy of youth. We have gained wealth, and position, and fame; but we have lost the greatest power in the world—the power to play."

"I did not know that one could forget so simple a thing," said the man.

"It is not a simple thing," answered his wife. "Playing is an art."

"Why did you wait for me?" asked the man. "You should have played with someone else; and when I was ready to join you, you should have shown me how. Now, see, we have both forgotten." And he was very angry.

And the woman could never tell so blind a fool that one plays only with those one loves; and she loved no one but him.

Then the man, being a man, went out and learned to play clumsily with a young girl.

But his wife, being a woman, remained at home, and wept for her lost playtime.

Charles Hanson Towne.

ON THE FLY

MRS. FLY (sorrowfully): I lost my husband yesterday.

MRS. MOTH: So I noticed while glancing over the paper!

Spend, and the world laughs with you.

EVER HEARD THIS?

Hello! Is that you m'love?

Uh-huh, this is snooky.

Yes, I just reached the office.

Thought I would 'phone to find out if your headache still bothered you, dearie?

What! The baby standing straight up on her feet?

Gee, that's fine! How far did she walk? Yes! Alone?

Wonderful child, sweetie! She's growing to be more like you every day, too. Why I really believe in another week the little treasure will be able to converse with us. Lift her up to the 'phone, dearie.

'Lo! Is 'at Da Da's 'ittle uky-uky-ookims? Is 'ittle darlin' behavin' when Da Da's 'way? Div Da Da 'ittle tiss like a dood 'ittle dirle.

Hello? Yes, dearie. What, she's crying? Oh, I hope there's nothing seriously wrong. Shout? I did not shout at the child.

How can I help it if she has a nervous temperament, lovie; you know we are all subject to things of that nature.

Inherited from whom?

No, I didn't say she inherited it from you—

What did I say?

Why, I only remarked—or rather I thought it was real complimentary to say—that she resembled you the most.

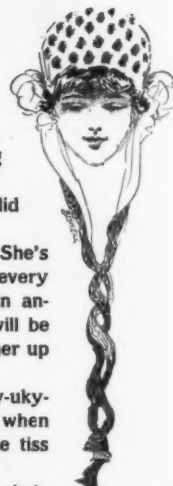
Quarrel? No, I'm not starting a quarrel.

Now, m'love, be reasonable, I—

No! No! Certainly, I—

Premeditated—just to annoy you?

Genevieve, dear, listen t'me—don't hang up. When—zizz-ack— Telephone crashes.



SATURDAY MORNING

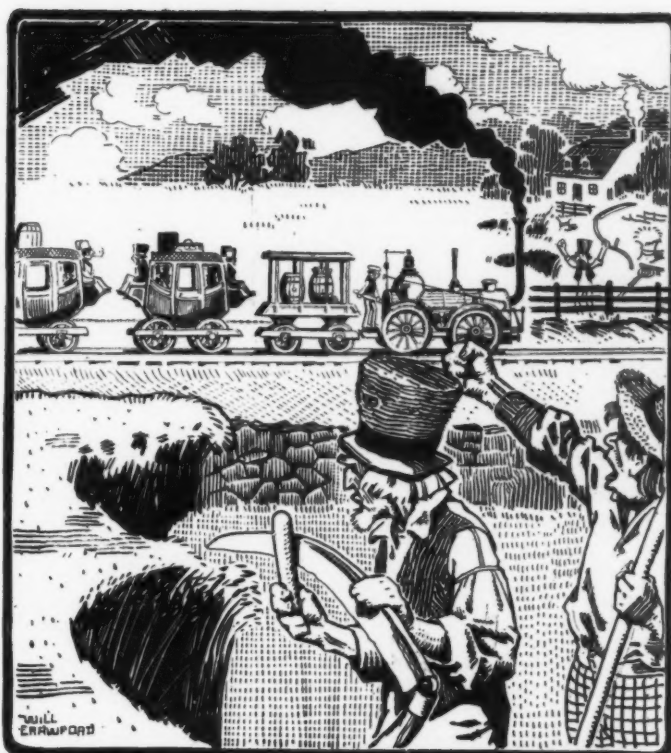


LOOKING AHEAD

FIRST DEBUTANTE: Father insists that I "come out" now instead of next winter.

SECOND DEBUTANTE: Why?

FIRST DEBUTANTE: He is afraid to take a chance on the fashions in gowns six months hence.



Oh! See the Honest Farmers!
How Indignant they Are!
How they shake their Fists!! —
And Who shall say them Nay?
For Well they Know, that the
Vile Steam Con-trap-tion will
Ruin their Sale of Crops!
For Who will buy Oats when
Horses are A-bol-ished?
Alas! Too True!



Oh! See the Silly Man!
Is the man Per-sist-ent?
Yes- The man IS Per-sist-ent
He is TOO per-sist-ent
He says the Earth is not the
Centre of the Uni-verse and
Sim-ilar Blas-phe-mies!
He must be made to Re-cant.
* * * * *
The Be-liefs of our Fath-ers are
Good E-nough for US!

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

THE WAY IT BEGAN

The slaughtering of the goose which had laid the golden eggs was hardly accomplished when murmurs of protest began to be heard.

Then around the murderer crowded many indignant citizens, who demanded to be told why so profitable a bird had been sacrificed.

And the unselfish man answered them and he said:

"She was sacrificed simply because she was the cause of the high cost of living; from her, my friends, came the world's increased production of gold."

WOES OF WOMEN

Oh, woman feels a lot of stings
That man can overlook.
She has to worry over things
That happen in a book.

OVERDOING IT

"Woman," declared Mrs. Mann, "is rapidly discarding her swaddling clothes."

"And a good many others," mildly replied Mr. Mann.

SYNONYMOUS

LEED: I thought he wrote only short stories?
REED: Oh, no; the *Gay Dog Monthly* is running a sexual of his.

The fool burns his bridges behind him; but the wise man his books.



PARADISE

IRRESISTIBLE

MADGE: I thought you said you'd never speak to that girl again.

MARJORIE: But what could I do? She offered to teach me a new dance step.

WHERE IT COUNTS

"Aunt Dinah, are you going to have 'obey' eliminated from the ceremony?"

"No, chile; but I sho is gwinter hab it 'liminated frum de matrimony."

HOW HE LOST

"So your rival won the girl after all?"

"Yes; I made the mistake of trying to eliminate by means of grape-juice diplomacy. He bought champagne."

A WASTED QUOTE

SHE: You know Milton says: "Come and trip it as ye go, on the light fantastic toe."

HE: Milton? Which *The Dansant* is he connected with?

Colleges have their uses. Each class produces a man big enough for the rest to brag about in after years.



"Look Around NOW For Your Exit"

By George Jean Nathan

It has been said that all men may be divided into two classes: Those who like vaudeville and those who can stand it when they're drunk. It has also been said that anyone can succeed in



vaudeville, granted he will memorize three things: (1) Is-your-brother-still-alive-no-he-lives-in-Philadelphia; (2) Have-you-been-traveling-yes-I-came-clean-from-Pittsburgh-nobody-ever-comes-clean-from-Pittsburgh; and, (3) What-are-those-two-red-and-green-lights-about-a-mile-off-starboard-it-must-be-a-drug-store. The late Mr. Frederick Wyckoff, one practised in the field whereof he spoke, was wont to contend that success in vaudeville is to be achieved even more easily than this, that it involves a certain amount of memory, of retentive power, not to forget these three somewhat elaborate jokes. All one has to do to be a big winner in vaudeville, observed this authority, is: (1) To have the drummer put in an extra beat with the cymbals, and then glare at him; and, (2) To use an expression which ends with the query, "Did he not?" And then reply, "He did not."

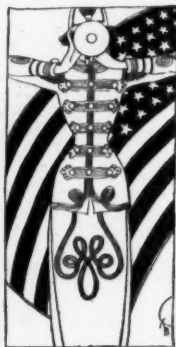
Many years ago, in my care-free childhood days, I worked out a guide to vaudeville success which would seem to be as accurate to-day as it was then. In this guide a roar of laughter on the part of vaudeville audiences was guaranteed on each of the following occasions:

1. When a comedian takes hold of his coat-tail, walks with a mincing step, and speaks in a falsetto voice.
2. When a German comedian casually opens his coat and discloses a green vest.
3. When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.
4. When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he's married.
5. When a performer starts to sit down and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord and the performer pretends to think his trousers have ripped.
6. When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or some pearl buttons or a target sewed on the seat of his pants.
7. When a juggler doing a trick remarks in the third person: "Isn't he clever!"



VAUDEVILLE (vo-duh-vil) n. [German. Wo (where) + der (is the) + Will (sense).]—The science of getting money for remarking: "Are you a Democrat? *** No, I'm a Baptist."

8. When one member of a conversational team, speaking vehemently to the other, accompanies his words with a salivary spray, whereupon his partner observes: "It's raining!"
9. When one German comedian strokes the other's chin whiskers and jocosely refers to the latter as "spinach."
10. When the comedian member of a troupe of instrumentalists interrupts one of the melodies being rendered by sounding a sour note on his trombone.



11. When the bass member of a quartet sings a very low note and the other three members stop singing and look at him in feigned surprise and awe.
12. When the clown of a team of acrobats poises himself to do a presumably difficult feat, and then, suddenly changing his mind, walks away without doing it.

Thus, too, applause was and still is always to be won in vaudeville by

throwing the pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and the current chief executive on the screen just before the moving pictures. Also with the picture of any prize-fighter but Jack Johnson. Applause similarly is sure to follow a laudatory reference to the local baseball team, the bow of an acrobat after he has done his trick, a scenic effect showing the Mississippi river by moonlight, with darkies singing softly in the distance, the playing of "The Wearing of the Green," "Dixie," and "The Star Spangled Banner," and a derogatory allusion to the fighting prowess of Great Britain.

All imitators, if they would succeed, must give imitations of George Cohan, Eddie Foy, David Warfield, and Ethel Barrymore, and must conclude demurely with "an imitation of an imitation of myself." Briefly, "advanced" vaudeville has advanced only in prices. The clog dance has not been lost in the shuffle; the drop-curtain showing an empty street has not been peopled by the scene painter; the xylophone



players still conclude their act with the same old medley of patriotic airs; the grand-children of a hundred different "world's champion acrobatic marvels" are still on the bill under the same old caption; the same old sidewalk comedian still periodically swats his same old humble companion in the same old face with the same old newspaper; the same old hobo monologist still strikes the same old match on his same old whiskers; the same old comedian still thinks his same old dressy "educated" partner is calling him a name when the dressy "educated" one uses a big word in his conversation. And—

Vaudeville is still made the butt of all the same old jokes!

That vaudeville and its acts are, intrinsically, the same old thing from year to year and year to year is, nevertheless, quickly admitted by the Zoroasters and Zendavestas themselves—in unguarded moments. Thomas Gray, himself a promulgator of many acts for vaudeville, recently showed the extent to which the sameness goes by getting up the following rubber-stamp press-agent "road" review for vaudeville shows, to be used at any and all times, with merely the names of the performers to be filled in:

The show is opened by _____, one of the funniest jugglers we have ever seen. His catching of apples on a fork in his mouth as thrown at him by the audience was fine, and the way he threw a high hat, a cigar, and an umbrella in the air brought screams of laughter. _____ and _____ are "classy entertainers," as the programme states. Their skit, in which they use a wooden park bench for flirting purposes, was acted well. The lady's song to a man in one of the boxes took the house. _____ & Company kept the audience in roars of laughter with their original comedy sketch, where the husband comes home intoxicated and throws flour in his wife's face. The finish, where she squirts a seltzer bottle at him, earned them half a dozen curtain bows. _____ and _____, "Those Two Funny Fellows," were a scream, the fellow with the little hat being the better of the two, though the taller fellow who continually hit him with his kid gloves proved to be a favorite with his rendering of "Silver Threads." The _____ Brothers, "European acrobats," closed one of the most enjoyable bills of the season, to much hand-clapping. Three reels of pictures were also shown.

In the secret ritual of vaudeville success there are something like a hundred or more standard rubber-stamp jokes that are guaranteed always to be positive in their laughing effect upon a vaudeville audience. These jokes are priceless in helping a performer make a hit. Among the jokes are the





following (every joke being familiarly known by its assigned name):

THE "DILL PICKLE" JOKE

- A. I've got a dill pickle compass.
B. What's a dill pickle compass?
A. A dill pickle compass tells which way the dill pickle is going to squirt.

THE "INCOME" JOKE

- A. What is your husband's usual income?
B. About three a. m.

THE "SATURDAY BATH" JOKE

- A. My father's a great man. He was made Knight of the Bath the last time he was in England. Do you know what the Knight of the Bath is?
B. Sure; Saturday night.

THE "MIGHT BE" JOKE

- A. And who, pray, might you be, miss?
B. I might be Lillian Russell, but I ain't.

THE "SISTER LENA" JOKE

- A. Your sister Mary is quite stout, ain't she?
B. Yes, but I got a sister Lena.

THE "DYED HAIR" JOKE

- A. Is she a blonde?
B. She was.

These samples will serve to illustrate the general quality. As effective laugh-getters in

vaudeville they are equalled only by what may be termed "insult acts," that is, acts in which one performer insults his partner, and vice versa. The spectacle of one performer insulting another is logically certain to "get over." The nature of such acts I may briefly convey to my clients as follows:

- A. Not so loud there with them drums while I'm singing!
B. Them are new drums and I got to try 'em out on somebody! You can't sing anyway.
A. If I couldn't drum no better'n you I'd run for the river.
B. If I couldn't sing no better'n you I'd jump in!
A. Huh! You look like a common waiter to me!
B. You eat at common joints then, eh?

Generally speaking, these things, however vociferous the contradictions that may ensue, are big notes in the "getting over" of a vaudeville act. There are, however, several other lesser notes that, when used, invariably return their employers winners with the devotees of the two-a-day. Thus, a medley of songs of a generation ago, "Comrades," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "Daisy," "Pals," etc., is known in the argot of vaudeville as "sure-fire." The rendition of "Annie Laurie" on a harp under a colored spot-light is certain to provoke loud applause. A so-called "comedy entrance," in which a male performer sings off stage in Italian, creates the impression that his act is an "operatic" specialty, and then comes on as a

sloppy "coon," is similarly sure always to inspire roars of laughter. An act wherein a comedian engages in a quarrel and a fight with an imaginary person never fails. A "finish," wherein the drop curtain is raised, revealing a special drop in the rear showing a battle scene, the performers meanwhile singing or playing "The Star Spangled Banner," cannot possibly fail. A singer "planted" in a box or in the gallery to take up the chorus of a song sung from the stage is an old, and consequently still good, trick. So, too, is the singing on a darkened stage of "The Rosary" to the accompaniment of a small organ "off," with an incandescent cross displayed on the back-drop. So, also, is the singing of a grand opera melody in rag-time. So, again, is a facetious reference to the preceding "act."

What's the use of working, fellers? Let's all go into vaudeville. * * * I'll supply the pair of white kid-topped patent-leather shoes!



TRIALS OF A BRIDEGROOM — WHAT HE KNOWS THEY ARE SAYING:

- "Here he comes now. He isn't much to look at, is he?"
"Yes, he's living with *her* folks at present. It's cheaper, I guess."
"You know the girl he married—that scrawny little Jilkins girl up the street."
"There's no accounting for tastes, is there?"

- "Don't stare; you'll make the poor boob feel embarrassed."
"I'll be hanged if I know what a girl could see in *him*!"
"Guess she was glad to get *anybody*. She'll never see twenty-five again."
"The bluff they threw at the wedding you'd think she'd caught a whale."

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT *by* P. A. VAILE



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "The Golf Primer," Etc.

THE PUTTER

In a recent article I quoted Ted Ray in his book "Inland Golf" as saying that the putter is "the root of all golfing evil."

If ever there was a bad libel this is the same. The putter, so far from being the root of all evil, is the club which, in the hands of a good man, atones for most "golfing evil."

It is a trite old maxim that matches are won on the green. Nothing is truer of the great old game than that the man who can reckon on keeping his putts under two per green will always be a holy terror to his antagonist. And that is not so difficult as it sounds.

If golfers would only give some little thought to the construction of the putter, and use that thought, their putting would improve at once.

Firstly let it be stated that a putter should have very little loft, in fact just enough to show to the player when he is addressing the ball.

"Why so?" ask all ye who have been handicapping yourselves with putting cleeks and the like.

Let me answer your question by another.

Why don't they use a lofted billiard cue if a lofted face is the best way to roll a ball along?

Pray don't say this is silly until you have considered it, for it comes very nearly to what you of the lofted putter are doing every day.

"Then why any loft at all?" perhaps you ask; and I must answer that, for it is a reasonable question.

I have always condemned putting with drag. Now if you hit a golf ball with a putter whose face is quite vertical it follows that the ball is held both by the green and by the putter until the ball slips off the face of the putter.

I am here assuming that the blow is in a horizontal line as would be the natural endeavor of anyone trying to put properly.

Now if there is a little loft on the putter the tendency is for the blow to strike more upward through the centre of the ball, and thus to start it rolling more easily instead of making it slide either on the face of the putter or on the green. This is the only reason I can see in favor of having any, even the slightest, loft on a putter.

Those who use putters of various kinds with anything more than the slightest loft are ignorantly handicapping themselves in a way which militates severely against their success.

I recently had a putter put before me for my opinion. I had never seen it before. It was a Lillywhite Frowd.

This is an English firm. The putter has a square steel shaft which prejudiced me against it at first, and even now I cannot see any advantage in it; although at the same time I am not prepared to say that there is anything against it.

I am, however, conservative enough to say

well in the centre so as to avoid putting "stop" on the ball. The face is well marked and, above everything, it is almost vertical, so that there is no chance of ruining one's putt by automatically putting drag on the ball.

We have dealt with one important point in the putter—namely, the loft.

We can very briefly consider the depth of the face, for I have quite recently referred to it. This should never be less than the diameter of the ball. This is a good, safe, general rule and will save you much trouble. Never let anyone tempt you to play with a shallow-faced putter. They are an invention of the particular evil genius who attends to the affairs of golfers.

Now as to the shaft. There cannot be any doubt that the centre-shafted putter is the best. This has been known in golf since golf was golf—but not realized. See the drawing of the old St. Andrews putter, the most time-hallowed and revered of golf clubs. What is it if not centre-shafted?

The Schenectady is a good club because it comes nearer to the old St. Andrews putter

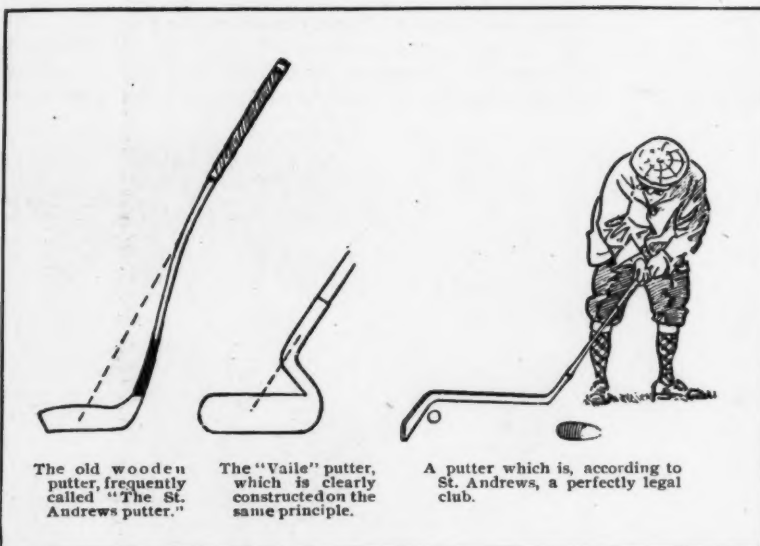
than any other on the market except the Vaile. It will be seen that the Vaile putter is merely the modern and scientific form of the old St. Andrews putter. That is as plain as may be. Yet the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews has barred both it and the Schenectady.

This was a great pity, for they barred the Schenectady soon after Mr. W. J. Travis's somewhat futile explosion against the English golfers; and it certainly looked very bad and very unsportsmanlike, and in my mind I can never hold them guiltless of a desire to "get at him."

If I didn't believe it I would sooner cut my tongue out than say it; but so it is. It was mean, it was unsportsmanlike, it was bad in golf and manners and expediency, for the Schenectady is golf and has made, and legitimately made, golf history.

It would not have been so bad had St. Andrews not in their futility attempted to define a golf club.

They produced something which set the golfers of the world by the ears—except the Americans, who calmly ignored them—and now there is not a legal club in existence, according to the ruling of St. Andrews. But nevertheless the centre-shafted putter is now, and it must always be, the best—and it is legal here in America.

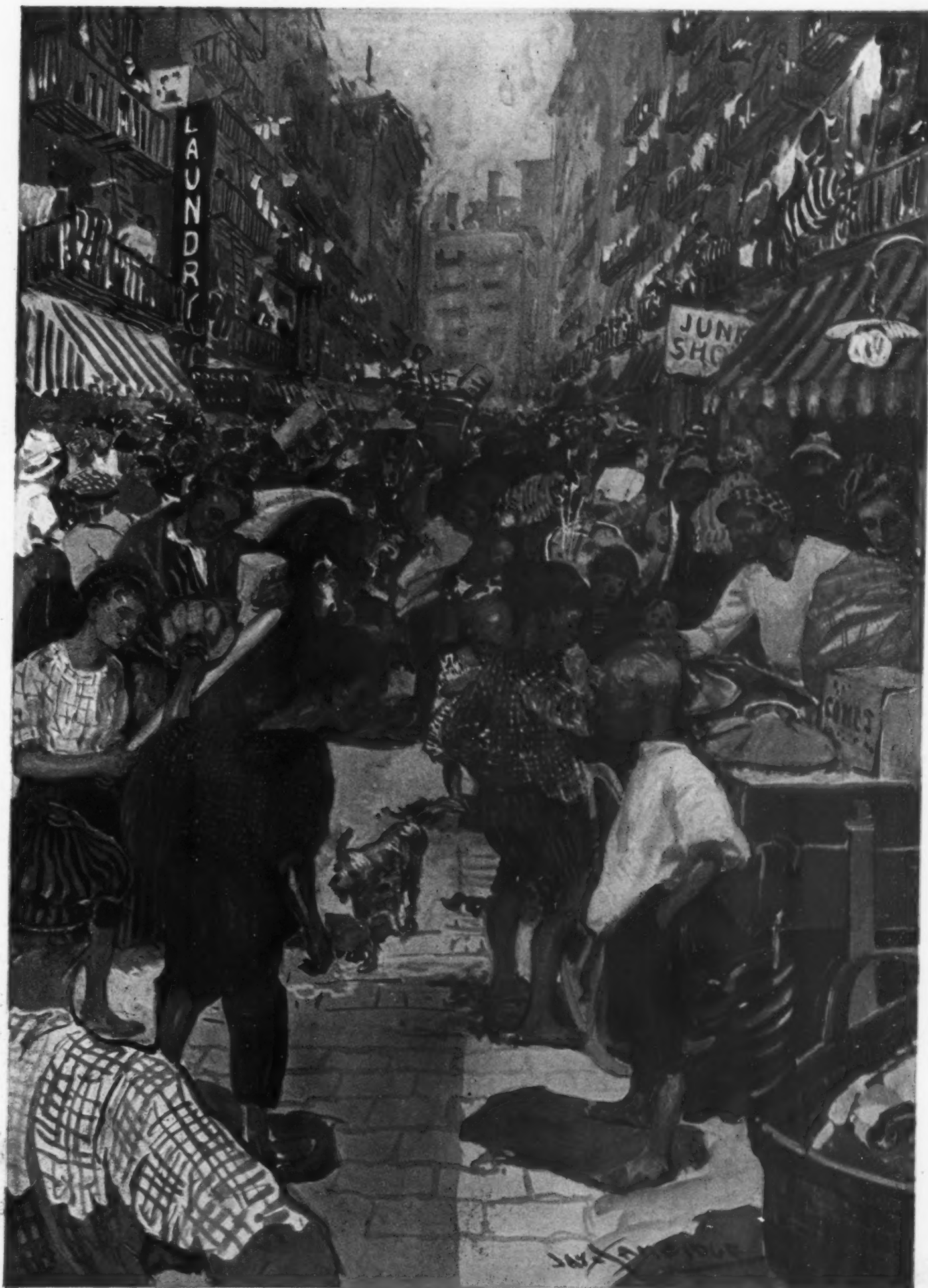


that unless we can show innovations to be better for golf, and also from an artistic point of view, or for the first if not the second, we may as well retain old forms.

This putter has a fine head. It was that which took my fancy. It is of good weight and the club balances well. The face is not too low. The weight is well distributed, being held up



Enlarged Bacteria Golfitus



AN EAST SIDE PLAYGROUND

PAINTED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

WHITEY: Say! Kin I play?

RED: Sure! Git out in de field.



THE TABLES TURNED - LOOKING
FOR THE WOMAN UNDER THE ROYAL BED.



EVEN THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE
LIONS ARE BEGINNING TO SHOW FEAR.

HY MAYER'S work
appears regularly and
exclusively in Puck.

Hy-
Mayer



AMERICA AND E

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous



TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MILITANTS -



"BLESS IT, JUST LIKE
HER OWN MOTHER'S
DEAR LITTLE HEART!"

By HY MAYER

A AND ENGLAND
The Ridiculous in Woman Suffrage

REVERSION TO TYPE

"My dear," said Mr. Hyebrau, putting down his pale blue breakfast edition of Mrs. Brown- ing, "is my physical presence necessary to complete your spiritual cycle to-day?"

Mrs. Hyebrau picked up her auric diary, raised her lorgnette, and glanced through the pages.

"Not necessary in the least to-day, my Complement," she murmured, sinking back into her Personality Pillows. The Personality Pillows were a number of graduated pink sofa cushions calculated to bring out the last iota of Mrs. Hyebrau's morning personality. Mrs. Hyebrau in the morning was pink. Mr. Hyebrau was pale blue.

"Then, my beloved Segment," said Mr. Hyebrau, closing his breakfast Brown- ing with a reverent sigh, "I will take this day to consum- mate rather an important item of material business."

Mrs. Hyebrau considered this last remark with a view to making her accustomed enigmatical reply. In the Hyebrau's set, woman was understood to typify the Enigmatical.

"Can anything material be important?" queried Mrs. Hyebrau, loftily. But a slight furrow appeared unaccount- ably upon her smooth morn- ing forehead. It seemed that the effort to express the Eter- nal Enigmatical had proved more of a strain than usual. Under cover of a new laven- der edition of Ibsen she cast a somewhat apprehensive glance at her pale blue spouse. Did Mr. Hyebrau suspect that it had cost her an effort?

But Mr. Hyebrau had al- ready taken up his hat— an advanced straw, bound with harmonic pale blue rib- bon—and was waiting at the door for the Morning Fare- well. Mrs. Hyebrau rose and went to him. Mr. Hye- brau kissed her once upon the forehead. (All the hus- bands in the Hyebrau's set kissed their wives once upon the forehead.)

"You are the Complement of my Spiritual Angle," mur- mured Mr. Hyebrau glibly.

"You are the Missing Seg- ment of my Life," responded Mrs. Hyebrau, with the least trace of mechanical hardness in her voice.

Mr. Hyebrau lifted his har- monic straw and strode rather hastily out of the door of their Higher Bungalow.

The Higher Bungalow had been built along lines laid down by the local Swami. It was constructed solely and exclusively for the purpose of expressing the Complete and Sexless Union of Souls and consequently was a bit short on plumbing. But it was the most ad- vanced Bungalow for miles around and stood in an absolutely irreproachable neighborhood. A few unintellectual architects said cruel things, to be sure, but on the other hand folks from neigh-

boring cities used to come long distances to take snapshots of it.

Once out of sight of the Bungalow, the Miss- ing Segment began to act in a mysteriously strange manner. Instead of continuing on to the railroad station as he should have done, Mr. Hyebrau turned up a rather dilapidated side street, a street that had nothing whatever to do with pale blue auras and completed spiritual circles. From this street he turned into another, even more shabby, but somewhat attractive in a cheap, happy way. This street was full of children playing. Women in comfortable ging- ham aprons leaned over porch railings and good-naturedly scolded the grocer's boy, or exchanged friendly bits of gossip. Through

Then from his trousers pocket he drew a cap— a black and white checked cap of the comfort- able, hideous sort affected by undergraduates, commuters and desperate characters generally. Settling the cap firmly about his ears, he mounted the steps of the house before which he had stopped and drawing a small latchkey from his pocket thrust it boldly into the lock.

"I wonder if she came?" he said, as he felt his way through the dingy little hall to the stairs. He climbed the three flights without meeting a soul. Stopping at a door he again drew out his key ring. A moment's fumbling at the keyhole, and the door swung open. Mr. Hyebrau stepped into the room.

"Mary!" he called rapturously.

At the sound of his voice an inner door opened and a woman appeared. A smile of welcome, of deep affec- tion illumined her face. Mr. Hyebrau flung off his cap like a boy and caught her hands in his.

"You got my letter?" he demanded, joyously.

"Yes," said the woman, giving him a look of perfect understanding.

"And are you ready?"

"Almost!"

With a slight pressure of his hands she turned back to the door.

"You may come when I call you," she said over her shoulder.

He turned to the window, overcome by a flood of emo- tions. The happiest days of his life had been spent in this little flat!

Suddenly there sounded a nervous clicking of a key in the lock of the outer door. Mr. Hyebrau turned in a panic. The door opened with a rush and a woman fairly precipitated herself into the room.

It was Mrs. Hyebrau.

"Oh!" she cried, seeing the masculine figure by the window.

There was a little pause.

"So," said Mr. Hyebrau, with cold defiance, "you have found me. You have followed me here to discover my— my secret."

"I? Followed you? Why no! I—I thought you were in town on business."

"Then why did you come here?"

Mrs. Hyebrau flung back her head and faced him with flaming cheeks.

"I came because I wanted to see it again—the little flat

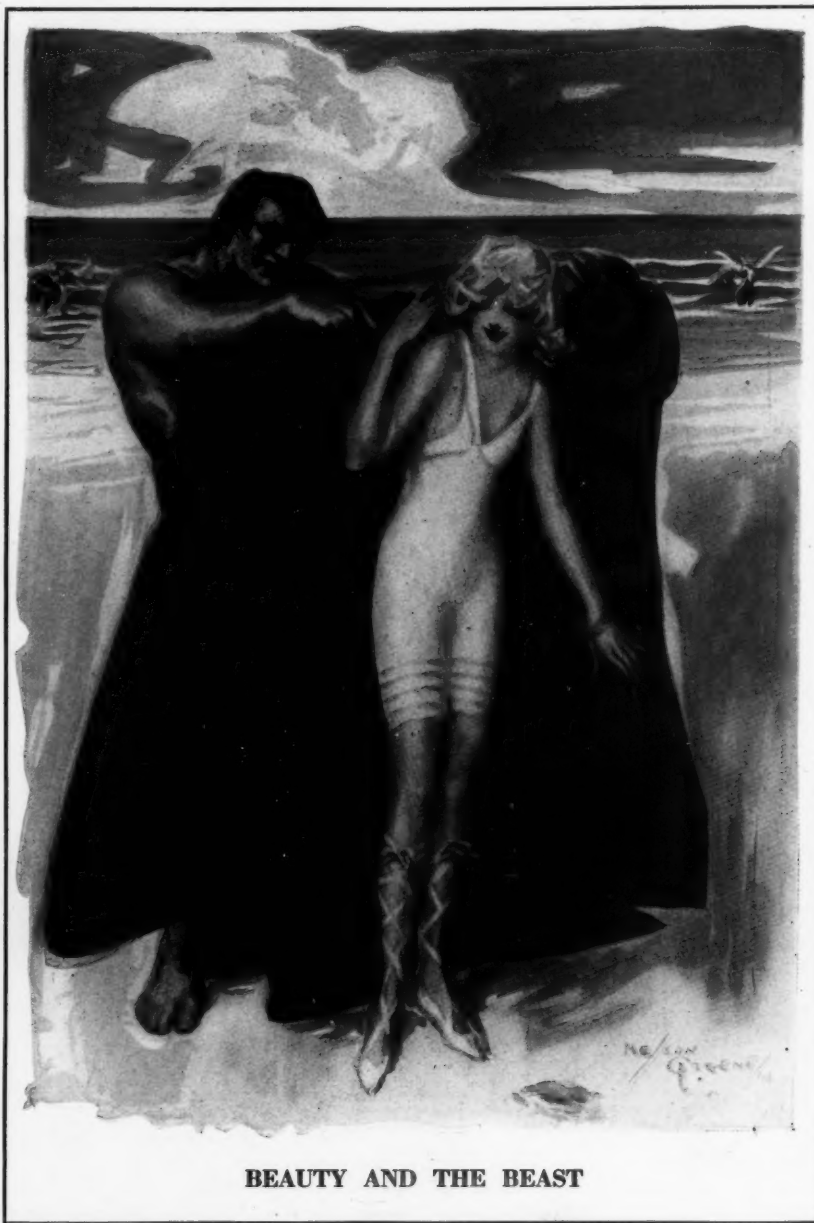
where I began my housekeeping; because I am sick of pink personalities and pale blue husbands and stingy kisses. Because I am starved for honest realities; because I am hungry for—"

The crash of a falling kitchen utensil cut short her words. Mrs. Hyebrau slowly froze into an Amazonian attitude of accusation.

"Gabriel Dante Hyebrau!" she flamed, "there is another woman in this flat!"

Mr. Hyebrau took a step forward and raised his hand.

(Continued on page 22)



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

this thoroughfare Mr. Hyebrau fled with crim- son cheek and downcast eye. Arriving at a certain number he stopped dead still and looked up at the windows. "Third floor, front," mut- tered Mr. Hyebrau; "there it is!"

Hastily he glanced about him, as though fear- ing discovery. Beside him on the untidy curb stood an empty can marked "Rubbish." With a quick gesture he snatched the pale blue halo from his head and stuffed it into the can. "I'll say it blew off coming home on the train," he whispered, with a furious blush.



"MONEY TO BURN"

"The town of —, Mass., has just appropriated the odd sum of \$999.00 for a fireworks display on July 4th." — *Daily Paper*.

Money to burn! Money to burn!
Money is scorching wherever we turn!
Cannon are thundering everywhere,
Rockets are flashing high up in the air;
Thousands a-torching
The heavens are scorching,
Here in the midst of chill hunger and care!

Money to burn! Money to burn!
O the wan poor wheresoever we turn!
Starving for sustenance, penniless all,
Seeking a bed in chance hovel or hall;
Shivering, quivering, seeking to earn
Only a tithe of the money we burn!

Money to burn! Money to burn!
Running like mad from a plenteous urn—
Power to ease all distress and despair,
Power to kill all the woe and the care,
Gone in a flash in the uppermost air!
Power to feed all the hungering crew,
Power to comfort the mortal in rue,
Power to quell
The dark forces of Hell,
Gone in one thundering crash in the blue!
Hunger and misery, burdens of dole,
Racking the soul,
Fear and black sorrow, grim suffering, pain,
Waiting in vain
Just for the money, the money we burn—
Lost in black smoke wheresoever we turn!

John Kendrick Bangs.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

The Doctor Has a Keen Eye to Business



THAT EXHILARATING MOMENT

When One of the Week-End Guests Recognizes You as the Miscreant Whose Car Splashed Mud on Him

The Seven Arts

by
James
Huneker



DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

Sherlock Holmes and Brandes

Two writers recently visited America. One was Conan Doyle—with a handle to his name—the creator of that mighty prose epic, Sherlock Holmes (despised of real detectives), the other a little Dane, Georg Brandes by name—critic, humanitarian, prose-master, and philosopher. Naturally, the newspapers did their duty—Doyle was a topline in the vaudeville of the day's attractions, and the critic came in a feeble second. This is not meant as an insinuation that our editors did not do their duty by literature—for it is not well to confuse two such opposites—but merely a bald statement of the fact. Sir Doyle is in the public eye, Brandes is not. One mildly entertains—or wildly diverts, as befits your temperament; the other forces you to that most unpleasant, apparently, of all tasks—fundamental brain-work, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti puts it. But it is written in the book of destiny that the Dane will be immortal, the other a straw in the dust, and as speedily forgotten. Georg Brandes played second fiddle, rather let us say the sonorous viola, in the daily news concert, yet he went home worn with the attentions paid him by friends, above all in a mingled mental condition of rage at the way he was misrepresented by the interviews—columns put into his mouth which he avers he never uttered—and of admiration for America and the Americans. It should be remembered that primarily Dr. Brandes is a cosmopolitan. Of the enormous provinciality of America in all that concerns art and literature he is perfectly aware, though he is too polite to rub in his knowledge at present. Later he may write of us, and then Heaven defend the man who said Jack London was the favorite reading of this Dane. Poe, Emerson, and Whitman interest him, but not as pathfinders or iconoclasts. And our visitor is himself a pathfinder and an iconoclast of the first order. He looks like the bust of him by Max Klinger.

When I found him at the Astor I made up my mind to ask him no questions about America. He is a radical, not a democrat, and a born nonconformist—one who is oftener a No-Sayer than a Yes-Sayer. The many-headed monster, democracy, has no message for him. So I led him to speak of Nietzsche and that poet-philosopher's knowledge of Max Stirner—Stirner you must know was born at Bayreuth, and his true name was Johann Kaspar Schmitt. Dr. Brandes sets more store by Nietzsche than Stirner, and was the first to apply to the former the appellation of "radical aristocrat." The fact that Stirner only wrote one significant book, "The Ego and His Own," seems to have had an unfavorable effect on the critic. But Stirner was very poor, very unhappy, and died comparatively young; besides, his work appeared at an unpropitious period and was almost stillborn. Apart from the lack of leisure I doubt if he had money enough to buy pen, paper, and ink. John Henry Mackay, the Scotch poet and individualist, tells us all this in his life of Stirner. However, I think Dr. Brandes is right. Influenced as Nietzsche must have been by Stirner, he would have developed quite independently of him, for his individualism was positively physiological.



"Yes," said Brandes, when we had switched to Strindberg, "yes, he was mad. Once he visited me and related how he had called at a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood, had rung the bell and asked if he were crazy. The physician said: 'dear Mr. Strindberg, if you will only consent to stay with me for six weeks and talk with me every day I promise to answer your question.'" After that Brandes had no doubts. And Strindberg's crazy

attitude toward Ibsen—he believed Ibsen had pictured him as Ekdal in his play, "Wild Duck"—and toward his various wives, must have been very disconcerting to his admirers, among whom Brandes counted himself. You need only read the correspondence between Nietzsche and Brandes to discover that. Very early he mentions the name of Strindberg to Nietzsche, who later enjoyed the man's rankling pessimism. It will please Mr. H. L. Mencken to learn that Brandes considers "Fraulein Julie" about the best thing that Strindberg wrote, as Mr. Mencken contends that the Swede has been critically overrated. He did write too much, to begin with, and only a half-dozen volumes will survive enough literary baggage, however, to see him through the heavenly clearing-house.



Brandes is not alone the discoverer of such men as Bjornson Ibsen, Strindberg, Nietzsche—i. e., he made their work known in Europe—but he is also a re-valuer of old valuations. Therein lies his tremendous critical significance for this generation. To Nietzsche he wrote in 1888: "I have been the best-hated man in the north for the last four years. The newspapers rave against me every day, especially since my last long feud with Bjornson, in which all the moral German papers take sides against me. Perhaps you know his insipid drama, 'The Glove,' and have heard of his propaganda for the virginity of men, and his league with the women advocates who demand 'moral equality.' The like was never heard of before! In Sweden the crazy young things have formed themselves into large societies promising to marry 'only virgin men.' I presume they will get them guaranteed like watches, but there will be no guaranteeing for the future."



There, you have a specimen of the polemical humor and hitting out from the shoulder of the Dane. He believes in the vote for women, but dislikes the moral humbuggery and sentimental flim-flam which permeates the atmosphere everywhere on the subject. He knows, as all sensible persons know, that the vote will make no difference in the condition of women; also that it will not add one cubit to their intellectual or physical stature. Dr. Brandes is a fierce individualist. Man or woman must work out his or her moral salvation, and "movements," "majorities," and "laws" will not help; indeed, will only impede personal development. I asked him why he hadn't written that book announced a decade ago by the Appletons for their Literature of the World series on Scandinavian literature. "Mein Gott!" he ejaculated, "haven't I had enough trouble in my life, haven't I made enemies enough! No matter what I would say of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, I couldn't say enough. And when I write the truth—" he finished with a patibulary gesture. The truth is, while he has accomplished wonders in freeing from prejudice the provincial mind of his countrymen, his affections have always been bestowed on the literatures of England and France. Consider his "Moderne Geister," with its studies of Flaubert, Renan, Goncourt, Turgenev, or his Shakespeare, the latter a study of supreme psychological importance; or his "Main Currents," of which a French critic, Maurice Bigeon, has said that Brandes did for the nineteenth century what Sainte-Beuve did for the seventeenth century in his "History of Port Royal." And how many mediocre flies are imbedded in the amber of Brandes' styles.



(Continued on page 21)



Sir Pinchot said Geo. Perkins was
Inclined to be too perky;
The King of Greece decided he
Would have a slice of Turkey.
The Feminists have launched a boom
To change the nuptial service—
The word "obey"
Is on its way,
And Johnny Bull feels nervous.

The News in Rime

The Mystic Marriage cult asserts
That love is planetary;
A gold mine was exploited on
The Senate stationary.
Sir Woodrow nipped a purple plot
In quarters journalistic;
The bashful Jap
Desires the map,
And Ireland's woes are fistic.

Miss Alma Gluck and Zimbalist
Assumed the fatal fetter;
A dog is furniture in France—
Settee's the same as setter!
Sir Rembrandt's portrait of himself
Brought sixty thousand dollars;
The bold Bull Moose
Cooked Whitman's goose,
And true art won't wear collars.

Will. Lorimer's dis-Trust Concern
Came quite a handsome cropper;
A one-piece bathing garment shocked
The Coney Island copper.
Queen Mary changed her corsetier—
A vital British moment!
Prince Will. of Wied
Is showing speed,
And Denmark's in a foment.

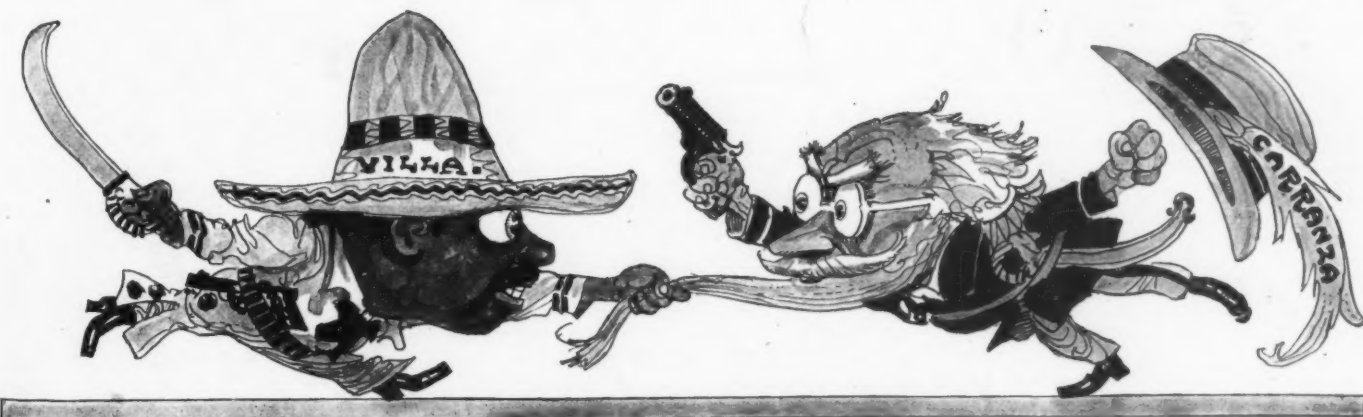
Society is wearing beads,
And taking up the zither;
Vin. Astor bought a motor boat
To speed from thence to thither.
Montana wig-wagged Uncle Sam
To come and end her troubles;
The French lost yards
Of boulevards,
And Taft is blowing bubbles.

The folks who ducked the income tax
Will soon be forced to ante;
The heat would try the talents of
The famous Mr. Dante.
The Cup Defender Vanitie
Has donned a brand-new skipper;
The Ascot meet
Was simply sweet,
And Hayti needs a slipper.



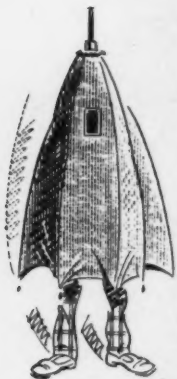
The Ballot-Stuffing gentlemen
Were entertained by juries;
Sir Asquith heaved a bitter sigh
And yielded to the furies.
The polo cup has gone abroad
To join the golfing trophy;
Panc Villa seared
Carranza's beard,
And thus we end our strophe.

F. Dana Burnet.



THE DARKEST FLOWER

Nobody has a kind word for the umbrella. It is an Ishmael—its point is against every man's eye. It is an aerial squatter, an economic outlaw, a shelter without any land to stand on. Yet this



portable tent—the white man's wigwam—is the only roof that an apartment-dweller can call his own. He carries it about with him hoisted in the air—for that is the only place where he can afford to pitch it. And even at that he has to keep moving.

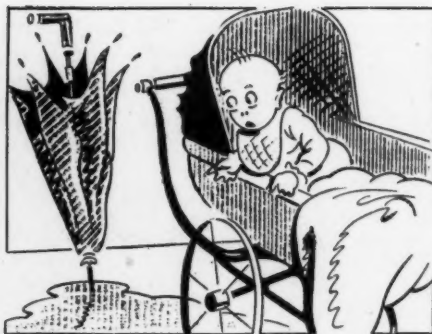
Moreover, it is misguided; it labors under a delusion. It imagines that its mission in life is to collect rain water outdoors and bring it indoors. It sees how much there is outside and how little there is inside, so it brings in what it can.

But when it gets it inside, it doesn't know just what to do with it. It makes a fair-sized lake

in the vestibule, a cunning little lagoon in the hall, and a dismal swamp on the parlor rug; and continues its aqueous phantasies till snatched up and committed to a pipe-shaped jar or some other place of confinement. Later it is taken out and aired of every drop it has collected, just as a small boy is made to give up the unseemly contents of his pockets.



Nor is it only at home that the umbrella deposits the water—this little Gunga Din is willing to bestow it anywhere. It creates a small flood in the bottom of a pew in church; it snuggles clammy against a stranger's knee in a public conveyance, sliding the dripping point into his shoe; it leaves a spattered trail down the



aisle of a department store and then inundates the counter. In short, its activities as an amateur sprinkler are tireless.

Wilfulness, strong-mindedness, and vindictiveness are marked traits of the umbrella. It tries to cavort in the air like its uncle, the parachute. The slightest breeze is enough to set it misbehaving. It takes particular delight in keeping hypocritically quiet for a block or two and then suddenly rearing and bucking as you come to a windy corner. For it is haunted with a mad desire to turn itself wrongside-out. Such an inversion might prove fatal—it realizes that. But think how thrilling, how romantic!

If the umbrella had a shoulder it would certainly wear a chip on it. For it is continually picking a fight, with anybody or anything. Carried under a lady's arm, it truculently strikes off an old gentleman's glasses as he is boarding a car. It lunges at random, disregarding all laws of combat, and will not lower its point except upon a tender instep.

Nor even with its own kind is this black pirate at peace. It cannot pass another umbrella on the street without jabbing at it. Nor has it the slightest sense of chivalry. I have seen a great cotton-covered, thick-ribbed bully charge down

the sidewalk scattering feeble silk things to the wall and the gutter.

At museums these vandals are classed as militant suffragettes, and special umbrella sleuths are on guard to seize them at sight and commit them to the rack. Indeed, the sentiment against them is so general that they now often go about disguised as canes. So be warned; for the umbrella-cane is even more dangerous than the sword-cane. But far worse than the umbrella's lawless violence is its insidious perversion of morals. For it has corrupted public honesty. It whispers satanically to a pillar of the community—a church elder, or a benefactor of charity—"Take me; nobody's looking. You can return me to-morrow."

And the pillar of the community yields to the tempter; only, the latter sees to it that it does not get returned the next day—or the next week.

Where such beguilements fail, the umbrella resorts to deception. It personates the righteous man's umbrella, thus causing him to sin through ignorance. For it rejoices in leading the virtuous to wickedness, and is ever hankering for a new owner. Of course, I realize

that there are, here and there, honorable umbrellas, umbrellas with real loyalty to their masters, umbrellas whose private life is above reproach

—I once knew of a pair that lived very happily in a Chinese jar for a whole year and had a lovely little white parasol. But, just the same, I wouldn't be an umbrella and have that sort of disposition for anything!

Lawton Mackall.



ON THE NIGHT SHIFT

THE REPORTER: Feel drowsy, eh? What did you have for dinner?
THE ARTIST: Breakfast.

Drawn by HAMILTON WILLIAMS



DRAWN BY SANFORD TOUSEY

A DOMESTIC CRISIS

GRANDMA: No, I shall not! I've never telephoned in my life, and I'm not going to begin such foolishness at my age!

A SEX FABLE

Once upon a time, to be exact it was sex days after Sexagesima, our sexdigitale young heroine of sweet sexadecimal years pushed the sex-foil flavored gum to the other side of her mouth and with a sexly breath of regret slapped down the cover on the last page of the great sex best seller: "Take Off Everything, or, A Sex Story of Sexangle Love."

Bidding her sexagenarian-sexton father good-bye, she hurried uptown to the matinee of the great sexusocial sexennial sexcess: "The Sex-toness, or, Why Ministers Go Wrong."

Flushing, blushing, but radiant in the knowledge that she knew more of sexology than her parents, she hurried over to the nearest movie theatre to see the sexly masterpiece of realism: "Sixteen Years a Sex Slave."

Her mind stored with useful information on



IN THE ARCTIC

MRS. BLUBBER: I wish you would have this clock fixed, dear; it lost three weeks last night!

matters of vital importance to her welfare, and garbed in her armour of sexusocial knowledge to battle all the sextillion vices, she strolled down Sixth Street where the usual sinister activities were going on.

Deadly perfumed handkerchiefs were being flipped in girlish faces; poison needles were flashing everywhere; death-dealing bacilli notes were being handed to innocent virgins; male monsters were carrying off the daughters of our w. k. and prominent citizens in taxicabs; in fact everything was being done according to Hoyle and halcaine.

But was our little heroine being poisoned, perfumed and germed? Nay! Sextillion times, nay! Was she not robertwchamberized against all this? Her knowledge of gouvernornorris was like unto mailed armour about her! Yea, verily, bayardveillerism had not been in vain! She knew everything! Her sex education had kept her from the bondage of sex slavery.

It was now sex o'clock. She entered an ice-cream parlor run by a sexagenarian friend of the family and ordered a cream-puff. No sooner had she sunk sexadecimal of her teeth into it than she was overcome by faintness and a sextet of sex slavers carried her to a waiting taxi.

"The poisoned cream-puff!" she gasped just before losing consciousness. "That's a new one on me! Oh, elinorglynn why didn't you warn me?"

MORAL: Put not your trust in cream-puffs and neglect not to read all our sextillion sexusocial sexperts.

HIS SPEED

BASEBALL MANAGER: Consider yourself unconditionally released. Maybe you can sign up with a circus.

THE BONEHEAD (warmly): What d'ye mean—I'm a freak?

BASEBALL MANAGER: Of course not. But the circus I have in mind has an elephant ball team.

FORESTALLED

GRACE: If it was a secret why in the world did you tell that girl?

GWENDOLYN: It won't do her any good, my dear. I'd already telephoned it to all the girls she knew.



COARSE WORK

THE PUP: I call that very poor dentistry.



The security market is usually an interesting exposition. It is essentially and largely the reflection of a state of mind. Steel quotations rise and fall and the corporation is worth millions more or millions less because certain people think that way.

As a matter of fact no material change has taken place.

Union Pacific runs up several points and adds a fortune to its market value although not a dollar of actual worth has been added to its assets.

The relation between the market state of mind and the actual state of affairs is oftentimes exceedingly puzzling.

Minor movements are meaningless.

The long swings, however, depend upon fundamental factors.

Original impetus emanates not from the public but from a courageous few who are bold enough and possess adequate resources to campaign on a large scale.

They make the market and the market state of mind follows.

Almost everybody in Wall Street is a follower—the leaders are a small and unique company who study deeply and work silently.

The present prolonged inactivity has become impressive; its meaning has been interpreted variously.

Is it that the leaders doubt the possibility of awakening a favorable state of mind and securing a substantial following; or is there something wrong with the fundamentals—something that will not logically justify a general advance, something that will cause it to collapse if undertaken?

The current news is essentially encouraging—the crops promise brilliantly, money is easy, production has been restrained, the slightest actual increase in the way of demand would set the industrial wheels revolving with exhilarating rapidity.

And yet there is hesitation.

Perhaps the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision will break the spell and inspire the leaders.

If not, and there is a possibility that there are other dark spots in the wood-pile — But that is matter for further consideration.

Manufacturers and purveyors of electric light inconsistently complain of light returns upon their investment.

It appears that if Shreveport had been in Texas instead of in Louisiana there would have been no Shreveport case at all. In a word, Texas wanted to keep Shreveport commodities out of Texas and consequently reduced certain railroad rates within the State of Texas. The consequence was that Texas merchants were able to reach a given territory within their own State for about one-third of the transportation rate charged to Louisiana merchants. This being a very unneighborly act, Louisiana complained to the Interstate Commerce Commission which sustained the plea of unjustifiable discrimination. The next point was to decide whether interstate rates were to be raised or interstate rates to be lowered. This delicate question the Commission transferred to the Supreme Court, which decided that the proper thing to do was to have Texas raise her rates to the level of the interstate schedule. All of which helps to establish the fact that the Commission is not as wicked as it is sometimes painted.

In connection with an issue of commercial real estate bonds, after describing the height of the building, the size of the plot, etc., the following alluring features were mentioned: "Rest rooms and silence rooms in charge of matrons and nurses and accessible fire exits."

"Customers regard United Cigar Stores coupons as equivalent to a cash saving of at least eight per cent. of the purchase price," remarks the prospectus of the United Profit Sharing Company. Which is to be interpreted as another evidence of the curious construction of human nature, for assuredly most of the purchasers prefer the little slips of paper to an actual economy of eight per cent. in cash. In other words, the average man, and especially the average woman, prefer the charm of the coupon to the certainty of the cash. This being so, "profit-sharing" is to be catalogued as shrewd and good business.

Strap-hangers furnish material aid in reducing over-head expenses.

The recent past is probably about as severe a test as will befall the railroads. The manner in which they have stood the test is assuredly satisfactory. The fact that they have been able to maintain their position is evidence of their fundamental strength. Any amelioration, therefore, of conditions cannot fail to enhance the credit, the dividend safety and the market value of the old reliables.

Albert Ulmann

Ruck

THE OLD DANCES —

"With wand'ring steps and slow." — Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

"Safety walks in its steps." — Sydney Smith, *Memoir*.

"Let the world slide." — Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit Without Money*.

"With fainting steps they go." — Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*.

— AND THE NEW

"Thus times do shift — each thing his turn does hold;

New things succeed, as former things grow old." — Robert Herrick, *Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve*.

"The steps were higher." — Dryden, *Threnodia Augustalis*.

"Shall I bend low?" — Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*.

"Beware of desperate steps!" — Cowper, *The Needleless Alarm*.

"Judas had given them the slip." — Matthew, XXII.

"Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare." — Smollett, *Ode to Independence*.

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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 16)

Brandes as a World Critic

Georg Brandes, like Anatole France, is of Jewish origin, and like his parents is not orthodox. Without being baptized, as was Anton Rubinstein, in the Lutheran faith, his position recalls to me something of the Russian pianist. He falls between the stools of both faiths. He is called a Jew by certain Christians, while the "pious" Jews will have none of him—like Spinoza. He has always seemed the sworn enemy of both camps, and if combating the eternal imbecility and provinciality of mankind be accounted an error, then Georg Brandes is an arch-heretic. He has usually fought on the losing side—like most thinkers. That he has lived to the scriptural age of seventy-two, to see many of his ideas accepted, has not brought the satisfaction it should, for his is essentially an unquiet spirit. He longs, at an age when men usually prepare for death, for other worlds to conquer. His intellectual alertness is extraordinary. In 1903, at Copenhagen, his complete works were published (Samlede Skrifter) in twelve large volumes. But this Viking of letters acts as if he would live forever; he still produces, is still full of intellectual curiosity. The brilliancy of the man's mind is consuming. As far back as 1863 he won a gold medal at the Copenhagen University for an essay on "The Idea of Fate in Ancient Tragedy." (He was born in 1842.) For parallel instances of juvenile precocity we must go to the lives of Ferdinand Lassalle and Friedrich Nietzsche. The war with Prussia in 1864 made a profound impression on the young man. It opened his eyes to the idea that Latin genius was more akin to the Danes than the Germanic. Heiberg had, no doubt, turned him to Hegel, but he soon went on to Feuerbach and Strauss.

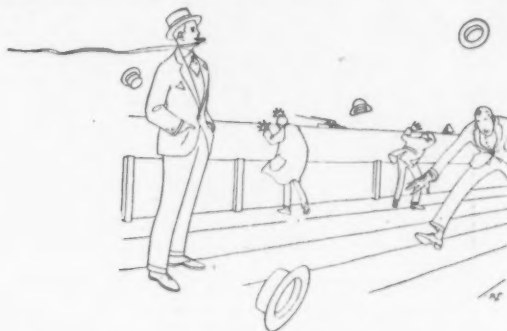
He visited Paris in 1866, and was under the spell of French culture; at the beginning of the war of 1870 he went to London, later to Italy. His mind at this period reflected, mirror-like, many characteristics. John Stuart Mill he had already translated. The hard positivism of the Englishman he was never wholly to lose. Luckily it was tempered by his acquaintance with Taine and Renan, and in 1871 he began his historically famous lectures at the Copenhagen University on the "Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," and at once became an object of abhorrence in reactionary circles. What is vital, what makes for progress, what has lasting influence on social life? are his questions. But press and clergy were against him. With his Hebraic irony he stung Denmark to the quick, and he was attacked with ferocity; but he had the younger generation with him—Drachmann, Schandorph, Skram, and Jacobsen. He wrote in his essay on Bjornson (in 1882): "The year 1864 had knocked at the door, and it did not open, the year 1866 came and 1870; it had clearly to be opened from within." So Brandes accomplished this opening with his lectures. To use the pregnant phrase of Ibsen, he planted the bomb under the national ark and blew its conservative ideals sky-high.

The Color of His Mind

It is steel-colored, the mind of Brandes. When white-hot it is ductile, it flows like lava from an eruptive volcano; but always is it steel, whether rigid or liquefied. It is pre-eminently the fighting mind. He has objected to being described as "brilliant"; his model as a portrait painter of ideas and individuals is Velasquez, because "Velasquez is not brilliant but true." Nevertheless, he is brilliant and steel-like and lucid in his style whether writing of Lassalle or Holberg, Kierkegaard or Tegner. His various Impressions of Poland and Russia are interesting; the latter barred for him the entrance to Russia. He has portrayed with amazing objectivity the souls of Germany, Denmark, France, England, and the Slavic nations. An ardent student of Taine and the psychology of race, he still asserts that in the individual, not the mob, is the only hope for progress. He is all for the psychology of the individual. From Taine he has gone back to Sainte-Beuve, and he is the third of the trinity of nineteenth century critics, the other two being Sainte-Beuve and Taine. He has the cult of the great man. He wrote on "the great man, the source and end of culture. . . . The fundamental question remains—can the well-being of the race, which is the end, be attained without great men? I say no, and again no." And he gives most potent reasons for his belief. He calls America a plutocracy, and easily sees through the sham and plaster "greatness" of so many of our so-called "great men" in politics. But I leave such opinions to himself; he may deal with our problems in the future, and you may depend upon it that his judgments will not be hastily arrived at. He admires our climate, as he should, and is puzzled over our reckless haste, as is natural in a European. I've long known Georg Brandes through correspondence, but I found the man even more refreshing than his letters. He is all of a pattern; above all, far removed from mental arrogance. He is a firm believer that every tub should stand on its own bottom, and in this pasture of ours, where the sheep think and vote in flocks, his lesson is writ clear: To thyself be true! the lesson with double facets set forth by Ibsen in "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." And by Emerson, who preached the truth over a half century ago. Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" sings: "Once spirit was God, then it became man, and it is becoming mob." And for mob and mob-made laws Brandes has a mighty hatred. His motto might be: "Blessed are the proud of spirit for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Earth."

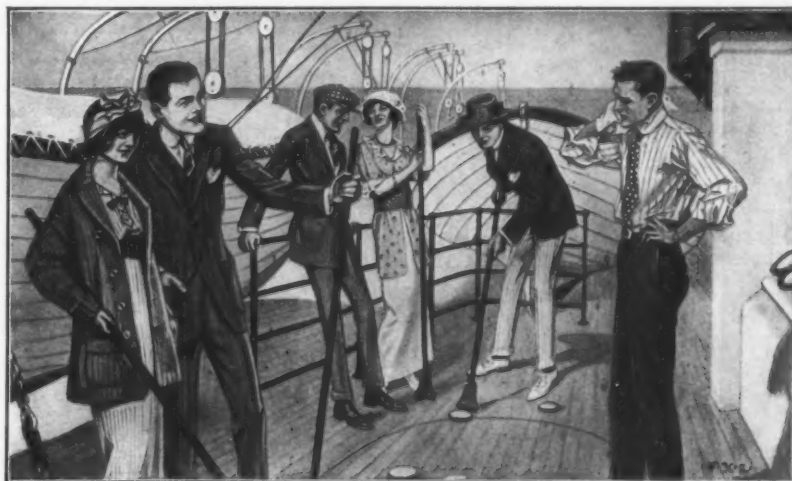
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REVERSION TO TYPE

(Continued from page 14)

"Beatrice," he said, "I will confess all. There is another woman in this flat. She is here at my behest—because of a letter I wrote begging her to come. She is here moreover for a purpose—"

A voice from the recesses of the apartment interrupted his confession.

"All ready, sir," called the voice.

"Why—why, it's Mary," whispered Mrs. Hyebrau.

"Our first," nodded Mr. Hyebrau, "and the best cook in New England."

With a cry of joy Mrs. Hyebrau flung herself into Mr. Hyebrau's arms.

"Oh, Gabriel Dante," she sobbed, "I understand everything now. I—I can smell it! Oh, my darling, darling husband—do you suppose she has cooked enough corned beef and cabbage for two?"

Dana Burnet.

THE VANISHING HALO

The executors of the colossus of finance were digging into the papers of the dead master of money—the shrewdest and wisest of all the world's kings of business. One of the executors looked up, with a ghastly face.

"I have just found evidence that our dead friend once backed a search for buried pirate treasure," he said.

"And I," said another, "have found papers indicating that he grubstaked a prospector in a twenty-year search for a lost gold mine."

"And here," said a third, "is indisputable evidence that on several occasions he bought stock in concerns that were organized to manufacture perpetual motion devices."

"We must keep silent about these things," agreed the three executors, "or the public will realize that this genius was but human, after all."

DISCIPLINE

A talent for the violin

Must be a long time nursed;

And so you must, when you begin,
 Play second fiddle first.

"Hitch your wagon to a star" is inspiring philosophy for a workaday world, but there have been mortals who would better have served this same old world if they had hitched their star to a wagon.

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THE SEX PROBLEM

VIOLINIST: I want an E string, please.
COCKNEY CLERK: Would you mind picking one out yourself, sir? I 'ardly know the 'es from the shes.

PROTECTED BOTH WAYS.

Two conservative ladies of old-fashioned notions were traveling in the West, and, becoming interested in a young girl on the train, finally asked why she was making so long a journey alone. They were greatly shocked at her blithe explanation: "Well, you see, my mother and stepfather live at one end of the journey, and my father and stepmother live at the other. They send me to each other twice a year, so there isn't a bit of danger with four parents all on the lookout!"—*New York Times*.

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THE GROCER'S MISTAKE.

"I had my dyspepsia almost cured once," said Crabbe.
 "But you couldn't stand the diet, eh?" asked Flabbe.
 "Well, it was this way," explained Crabbe. "Dr. Pilter advised me to eat Chopped Oat Cakes. I ordered a box and after eating them for a week I felt fine. When Bridget said the cakes were gone I had her bring me in the box so that I could get the name and order more, but I never placed the order."

"Why not?" inquired Flabbe. "The cakes were helping you!"
 "I found," said Crabbe, looking sick at the recollection, "that I had been eating dog biscuit."—*Ginger*.

Eyes Exposed to Sun, Wind, Dust and Smoke Need Murine. Its Soothing, Health Restoring Influences Appeal to Autoists, Tourists, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Firemen and Students.

OH, NO.

SHE: All extremely bright men are conceited, anyway.
HE: Oh, I don't know; I'm not.—*Boston Transcript*.

"So he praised her singing, did he?" "Yes; said it was heavenly."
 "Did he really say that?" "Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

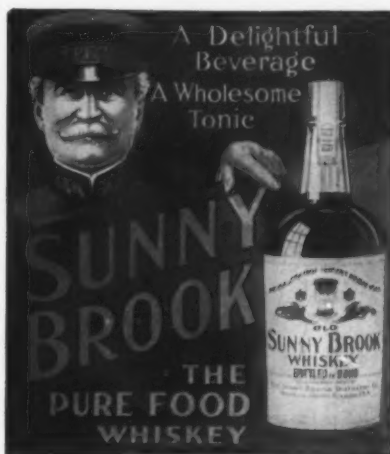
BETTER TAKE NO CHANCES

ALICE: How many times would you make a man propose to you before you said "yes"?

MARIE: If you have to make him propose better say "yes" the first time.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MERCHANT (to new boy): Has the bookkeeper told you what to do in the afternoon?

YOUTH: Yes, sir. I'm to wake him up when I see you coming.—*The Accountant*.



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